

# BRICKEN COIN

by E. EMERSON HOUGH AUTHOR OF "THE LADY AND THE PIRATE" "JOHN RAWN" ETC.

COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY WRIGHT A. PATTERSON

## (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Kitty Gray, a newspaper woman, finds a broken coin, which arouses her curiosity, and leads her to the place where Count Frederic, a nobleman, is hiding. She is rescued by Count Frederic, who is a nobleman, and she is taken to his room. She is rescued by Count Frederic, who is a nobleman, and she is taken to his room. She is rescued by Count Frederic, who is a nobleman, and she is taken to his room.

## SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### Divided.

AS KITTY approached the little room of the count's palace—which before now had proved to be something of a storm center in the affairs of the Greshoffen coin—there came to her the conviction that there might be others beside herself who would have some inkling as to the whereabouts of the missing portion of the coin, and who might therefore arrive upon the scene at much the same time as that of her own visit. She was not altogether surprised at the sudden interruption of her labors, just at the moment of her success.

Before she had replaced the little secret drawers in the cabinet from which she had taken them, she paused just for an instant to compare the two pieces of the broken coin—which now for the first time were both in her possession—in order to see whether she could finish deciphering the entire inscription. That once made plain, as she knew, the riddle of the buried Greshoffen treasure would be unlocked. She had caught only one or two of the missing broken words. "Cam—camer—". She saw that much. "Camers," was the Latin word for "chamber," "room." "Cameras" meant "of the room of trial," "the torment room," "the room of the chamber—now she began to guess definitely at a portion at least of the inscription thus completed.

The treasure has been hidden in the torture chamber—some old medieval room, no doubt. It has been little used—perhaps it was forgotten," said she to herself.

Her process of thought thus leading on ahead, she was doing famously when, as had been indicated, there came the startling interruption, so that all her swift divinations were ended for the time.

As she saw herself the object of a poised weapon, she swerved aside instinctively—called out instinctively for help.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed, for, womanlike, she had learned the value of a strong man's arm, and her first thought was of the faithful servant who so strongly had attached himself to her own varying fortunes. And Roleau came hastening from his watching place outside the door.

She saw the little room occupied by a man—who now suddenly had entered—and who menaced Kitty, so that to give her life as she supposed, she was in the point of surrendering to him both pieces of the coin. The sight of his mistress in danger was enough for Roleau. With his customary battle cry he plunged immediately into the conflict, careless of the threatening weapon, in the melee the two half coins both were dropped upon the floor. Even now the ruling impulse of Kitty did not quite forsake her. She stooped and regained one of the half coins, but the struggling men, shifting here and there in the room, kept her from securing the other. In the blind instinct for escape she fled now to the open hall, taking that direction which led back from the front of the building.

Roleau heard her pass, and could not join her in flight—but he heard her give a cry of alarm, whose cause he could only guess. His energies were fully occupied by the combat with this stranger—whom now he saw to be one of Count Sachio's men. He had noted him at the hunting lodge. He himself had not time to reason as to the presence of this new factor in the general imbroglio, but at last, able to bring his own weapons into play, he stayed the issue for a time. They both had time to recognize one another as they stood, and he was much baffled as the other, and neither quite comprehending what the other was doing here.

Very naturally the sounds of all this confusion could not be concealed. The scream of a woman had rung widely through the hall, and used as they were to extraordinary circumstances hereabouts, the servants could not fail to investigate the cause of this. They hastened in the direction of the uproar, but their advance was stayed by the command of the master of the palace himself.

The men in the room, as they paused for breathing space, heard a steady footfall advancing to the door, heard the calm voice of Count Frederic himself.

"Gentlemen!" The intruders, whatever the errand of each, took their eyes from one another and turned now, as they were to another man who scarce had come in friendship.

"You honor me greatly, gentlemen," said Count Frederic, in his usual coolness in any extraordinary situation. "But might I ask why you care thus to disarrange my apartment? Had I known you were here, I might have asked some of my servants to assist you in a search more orderly."

trust still to do so, though he must give some word now regarding some late events of which have been in the way of getting knowledge. What do you here, sir?"

"I was sent back by my master," began the stranger—who was none other than Bartel, the late successor to Rudolph in Count Sachio's good graces. "He had left certain of his belongings—some silver cases of the toilet, Monsieur le Comte—he did not trouble to ask you about them, and now he sends me to seek for them in my rooms. But why seek for them in my rooms, when his quarters were in quite another part of the palace, my dear sir?"

"As to that," replied the other with calm frontality, "I cannot say. I only came here because the servants told me that this was the room. Of course, if there has been any mistake—"

"There has been mistake—abundant mistake," went on the icy voice of Count Frederic, still even and calm. "We will in the end rectify that mistake, and many others—and you may as advise your master. Tell that after

Roleau follows Kitty, saves her from attack by a stranger. Sachio started by the noise from the coin, which he had just taken, and makes off with Kitty in pursuit. Later Roleau and Frederic follow her. She traces her man to the hand of desert brigands.

Frederic and Roleau save Kitty from the brigands but Frederic is captured. Kitty sends aid and rescues him.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### Divided.

AS KITTY approached the little room of the count's palace—which before now had proved to be something of a storm center in the affairs of the Greshoffen coin—there came to her the conviction that there might be others beside herself who would have some inkling as to the whereabouts of the missing portion of the coin, and who might therefore arrive upon the scene at much the same time as that of her own visit. She was not altogether surprised at the sudden interruption of her labors, just at the moment of her success.

Before she had replaced the little secret drawers in the cabinet from which she had taken them, she paused just for an instant to compare the two pieces of the broken coin—which now for the first time were both in her possession—in order to see whether she could finish deciphering the entire inscription. That once made plain, as she knew, the riddle of the buried Greshoffen treasure would be unlocked. She had caught only one or two of the missing broken words. "Cam—camer—". She saw that much. "Camers," was the Latin word for "chamber," "room." "Cameras" meant "of the room of trial," "the torment room," "the room of the chamber—now she began to guess definitely at a portion at least of the inscription thus completed.

The treasure has been hidden in the torture chamber—some old medieval room, no doubt. It has been little used—perhaps it was forgotten," said she to herself.

Her process of thought thus leading on ahead, she was doing famously when, as had been indicated, there came the startling interruption, so that all her swift divinations were ended for the time.

As she saw herself the object of a poised weapon, she swerved aside instinctively—called out instinctively for help.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed, for, womanlike, she had learned the value of a strong man's arm, and her first thought was of the faithful servant who so strongly had attached himself to her own varying fortunes. And Roleau came hastening from his watching place outside the door.

She saw the little room occupied by a man—who now suddenly had entered—and who menaced Kitty, so that to give her life as she supposed, she was in the point of surrendering to him both pieces of the coin. The sight of his mistress in danger was enough for Roleau. With his customary battle cry he plunged immediately into the conflict, careless of the threatening weapon, in the melee the two half coins both were dropped upon the floor. Even now the ruling impulse of Kitty did not quite forsake her. She stooped and regained one of the half coins, but the struggling men, shifting here and there in the room, kept her from securing the other. In the blind instinct for escape she fled now to the open hall, taking that direction which led back from the front of the building.

Roleau heard her pass, and could not join her in flight—but he heard her give a cry of alarm, whose cause he could only guess. His energies were fully occupied by the combat with this stranger—whom now he saw to be one of Count Sachio's men. He had noted him at the hunting lodge. He himself had not time to reason as to the presence of this new factor in the general imbroglio, but at last, able to bring his own weapons into play, he stayed the issue for a time. They both had time to recognize one another as they stood, and he was much baffled as the other, and neither quite comprehending what the other was doing here.

Very naturally the sounds of all this confusion could not be concealed. The scream of a woman had rung widely through the hall, and used as they were to extraordinary circumstances hereabouts, the servants could not fail to investigate the cause of this. They hastened in the direction of the uproar, but their advance was stayed by the command of the master of the palace himself.

The men in the room, as they paused for breathing space, heard a steady footfall advancing to the door, heard the calm voice of Count Frederic himself.

"Gentlemen!" The intruders, whatever the errand of each, took their eyes from one another and turned now, as they were to another man who scarce had come in friendship.

"You honor me greatly, gentlemen," said Count Frederic, in his usual coolness in any extraordinary situation. "But might I ask why you care thus to disarrange my apartment? Had I known you were here, I might have asked some of my servants to assist you in a search more orderly."

"And as to my service?"

"Master, if I could serve you both, that would be my greatest happiness! If you two needed no longer to contend—if each of you could know the better part of the other as I do—how far better that might be for all concerned!"

Count Frederic stood for one moment, his face working strangely at this comment of his old servant.

"Roleau," said he, "I have used you hard more than once. Under our laws I ought to take your life now—nothing less should be your fate, and you know it well enough. But see, now, what you say, has some sort of half truth about it."

"Ah, then, master, you also are bewitched by her!"

"Hold your tongue, Roleau! That is for none but myself to put into thought, even were it true. But I feel now that if I spare you—even if not for sake of your own life—I may be making some repayment to the young woman for evil done her by another servant of my own. A nobleman of Greshoffen wants no account standing against him on any

which he had called his own—since he had taken it from her.

So then, he reflected, she had found the way to his most secret hiding place—she was on the very point of success when this last contretemps had interfered with her plans. A new feeling of admiration for her keenness and persistence came to Count Frederic, and he seemed to make any definite plan of his own. With cool contempt in his eyes the nobleman of Greshoffen turned silently away from the intruder and paid him no more attention.

Finally alone, Count Frederic paused in thought, yet again examining the little bit of metal.

"She was here!" he muttered to himself. "She came to the very place I thought most sacred. She went straight to the heart of it—straight to the heart. She unlocked what I thought might never be unlocked by any—she went straight to the heart of things and found my secret! Is it possible that I have no longer any secret? I may call my own?"

He stood for a moment, whether or

not approving his own weakness he himself could not have said, and looked steadily at the little cause of all these tumultuous events.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "Do you bring me only misery and unhappiness? What story are you trying to tell me? Oh, yes, I hear your broken tongue—It is mutilated, it cannot speak to me fully as I ought to hear it—as it is my duty to hear it speak. But you speak. But you speak to me of them—my people? You tell me of their wrongs? You are pleading for them? You offer me half their message? Ah, I am also dumb—also helpless—also a prisoner. I also am divided—I am of two minds! Union—resolution—liberty—happiness—God! Does the world hold those things for me or for my people after all?"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### When Kitty in her blind impulse of self-preservation sprang out of Count Frederic's room, she did not at first contemplate continued flight. Once out of reach of immediate danger, she paused, loath to leave what she had come there to obtain, and loath also to abandon her stout-hearted ally in his time of stress. She turned back, paused just outside the door once more. As she did so, yet another door opening into the hall was pushed silently ajar—opened fully. Yet another man, whom never in her life had she seen before, now

more faced Roleau. That was in his face now which did not bespeak remorselessness, revengefulness. No, something softer lay in the man's cool gray eyes.

Roleau said he, paying no more attention to the stranger, who stood hesitating, "where is she?" She has been here, that is certain—she has sought for this little bit of metal. I make no secret of that, because I know so well about it, and so do you. She has not secured both halves of the coin—I have this, and I shall hold it against all comers, even herself. But where is she, Roleau?"

"Master, how can I tell? You came just as I would have followed her. I found this man threatening her—he would have killed her but for me, for all I know. What could I do but engage him at once? While I did so the excellency escaped. I heard her scream yonder in the hall. But for you I should long ago have gone in search of her. We have stood here now talking, but none of us has gone to her aid."

"Of us?"

"Yes, master. You will pardon my straight speech with you, but surely she will bewitch you too, if you do not have a care. One thing I know surely—if you yourself see her in danger you could not fail to give her aid—you could not delay, could you?"

"No!" cried Count Frederic, in a resolution which must have seemed,

hand. If by sparing you I can make some reparation to her—then the obligation to do so rests on me. I must make such reparation as one can who has been the cause of a hand raised against a woman—not in the way of kindness."

"The way of kindness?" began Roleau once more—"the way of kindness, master? I admitted I was bewitched—you also must be, since you speak of the way of kindness. We have not commonly known that here in Greshoffen, your excellency. Even now—you are kind to me—yet all I hoped was the usual punishment. Yes, she has bewitched you also, master! I am not surprised."

"I say," exclaimed Count Frederic, frowning now, his face flushing. "These are not things for your discussion. But where is she now—what was it I heard—whose voice—was it hers?"

He turned from Roleau to the other intruder in his apartment. Roleau stood dumb. The other shook his head.

"Monsieur le Comte," said he, "the young woman was here when I entered—when this man also entered. She passed yonder—when she had the coin—there lies the other half of the coin. She disappeared—we heard a cry—"

Count Frederic stooped and picked up the object pointed out to him. It was his own half of the coin—or that

stepped out. She felt a hard hand close upon her mouth, more than half stifling her scream for help. "Silence!" she heard his voice insist. "Go on ahead of me—do not try to escape—keep silent."

The unfortunate girl found nothing but obedience to these orders left for her. Almost she was the point of valuing the proverb which says where there is life there is hope, for now she was surprised to find herself yet alive. Thus far, as she dumbly reasoned, she had found some manner of escape from her difficulties after she had better learned what those difficulties were to be.

Ignorant of this man or his intentions, she obeyed him and walked on quietly in advance. He guided her out through the main entry hall of the palace, past the servants, down the broad staircase, time to time pausing to look back. As yet Kitty had not seen him fully, for he walked close behind her.

"To the Ritz," said she boldly to the driver of the car.

The next instant she felt a heavy grip upon her arm.

"Into the car!" the voice at her ear insisted. She was almost beyond the driver had different instructions.

Once more Kitty undertook to scream, and again the firm hand clapped her voice. It seemed to her that some pungent aromatic drug filled the car with its fumes. She struggled less violently. Events seemed to pass by her in a dream, and she regarded them carelessly, apathetically. In short, either in part or in whole, she had lost consciousness.

When at length she fully regained her senses she was alone—with a terror which seemed to her more overpowering than any she yet had known. Instead of her own apartments in her hotel, instead of the room of Count Frederic or the hunting lodge of his quondam friend, Count Sachio, she found herself surrounded by four barren walls—in what edifice in what place, she could not guess. There was a small, high, barred window; but the latter was at such height as to be almost beyond her reach. For the time Kitty was of the belief that her senses must leave her forever. The sense of solitude was a poignant torture.

How long she had thus remained she could not tell, when at length the close-fitting door in one side of the four walls opened. An old woman came in, bringing some food for her. Kitty tried her in every language which she could ever know, but got no answer. The old woman shook her head and after a time retreated silently as she had come.

Getting no answer to her appeal for help, Kitty sat down once more, fighting herself to retain her faculties, her calm, her poise. Escape? How could there be hope for that? For once she was at her wits' end as she looked about her. She sat moody and silent, too dazed, suffering too much, too uncertain in her own mind to plan intelligently any course of action. She was brought to herself somewhat by hearing the tinkle of some object on the floor at her feet.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the window.

She opened the paper and smoothed it out. As she read it she wondered how many other persons there were in this strange country who could claim acquaintance with her own plans. "Better write an imaginary story for your paper and return to America. Give up the coin, and you will gain your freedom. Refuse and you will fare badly."

Kitty back to a train of thought which for the time had been broken. She felt quickly at her bosom and at her waist for the bit of coin which she had brought away from Count Frederic's room. It was gone! At some time during her journey from Count Frederic's palace to this place—on shore whether it had been, she could not tell—the coin had been taken from her.

Kitty sprang to the sill of the little window and peered out for an instant; but her hold was too feeble. She sank back, not seeing what too much had given her great joy to see.

Apparently some eye had caught sight of her face, brief as had been its appearance. In truth, Roleau, bound-like, had run his game to earth. It was he who had caught sight of her once more the tinkling of some falling object upon the floor. She picked it up—it was a substantial file, which evidently had been hung through the escape door by some one having the intent to aid her. This thought gave her hope. Almost as soon as she grasped it she fell to work at the bar which had restrained her. Resolution, hope, courage, came back to her; she would find out who had sent this strange message—and also who had sent her this instrument for her delivery.

Meantime, at the scene from which she had been so unceremoniously attracted but now, Count Frederic remained still pondering on the strange events which had been brought home so close to him. He was too much preoccupied in his concern over the young woman's disappearance to note carefully anything that went on about him. When one of his household placed a message in his hand, for the time he gazed at it, scarce comprehending that it came from the room which had been his own. Since he had left unattended the servant of Count Sachio, whom he had found in his own room, the latter seemed the present opportunity to escape from the place and to find his own master, Count Sachio himself, who waited for him impatiently enough at the rendezvous which had been established. "Well, well, then, Bartel," exclaimed the count, "why the delay? What's wrong? Has he sent this strange message to me? The same story that Rudolph brought—'you have not failed?'"

The shamed look of the other gave him his own answer. Count Sachio himself gave way to hearty curses of all incompetence.

It was a bit of stone wrapped tight-

ly in a little wad of paper. Surely it had been meant as some communication to her—from some one outside the room? It must have come through the